



A Page of Comics,
Sketches and Stories



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The Evening World.



Fun for the Home
and the Ride Home



"S'MATTER, POP?"

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By C. M. Payne



HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THE BRAIN SPACE ABOVE AXEL'S EYEBROWS?

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By Vic



PUTTING IT OVER

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By E. McBride



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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THE JARRS DECIDE TO JOIN A DANCING CLASS.

"DON'T cry, my dear girl, you'll make your nose red," said Mrs. Jarr sympathetically.

"Who's here to see it?" whimpered Miss Irene Cackleberry, the fair young girl from Philadelphia who was still visiting the Jarrs. Mr. Jarr gave a peek from behind his newspaper. He was there to see it.

Gertrude, the Jarrs' light running domestic, was there to see it. Little Willie Jarr and his baby sister, Emma Jarr, were there to see it. Old Mrs. Dusenberry (the kind hearted old lady neighbor, originally from Indiana, who had dropped in to bring the children some of her home made cookies) was there to see it. But evidently all these did not count, for Mrs. Jarr again patted Miss Cackleberry on the back and said: "Yes, dearie, I know, but somebody MAY come!"

"I'm just that discouraged I don't know what to do!" sniffled Miss

Cackleberry. "Here my darling hero, Capt. Tynnesfoyle, is dying for his country's flag, with the measles!"

"Oh, it's not so bad as that, my dear!" interrupted Mrs. Jarr. "The last bulletin issued—wasn't it by the War Department?—stated that the havoc of measles in the captain's militia regiment was about over."

"Holly toty!" cried Mrs. Dusenberry. "What sort of soldier officer

is that who has the measles and thinks he's dying about it? When my Gabe enlisted in the war and went right smack down South and fit and fit the rebels, he got shot as full of holes as a porous plaster, and he got gangrene and smallpox and yaller fever and insomnolia and typhus and bone-break ager and!"

"You know I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world, Mrs. Dusen-

berry," interrupted Mr. Jarr. "but really, you know, a recital of all these ills that flesh is heir to, well, really, you know—Can't we talk about the sunshine of spring and the trees and flowers and the singing birds?"

"I wouldn't talk about singing birds if I were you!" spoke up Mrs. Jarr

acidly, "after the bird you brought home last night in that Benton B. Busby!" And as for saying a word to Mrs. Dusenberry for happening to mention, as poor Irene did, what perils invest a soldier's career—at least they aren't trying to sell us accident insurance like your friend Mr. Benton B. Busby did! And after him, terrifying and horrifying us with his awful list of injuries as incomes: "Loss of the backbone, \$500; "Breaking neck in nine places, \$1,000; "Having your little children burned in an incendiary fire, \$2,000!" Don't you talk to us!"

"Yes," cried Miss Cackleberry, "and that awful cheeky, over-dressed, smirking life insurance man, after harrowing us up with his old getting injured and dying for a living talk, admitted he was a married man!"

"After we had gotten him a supper fit for a king, and telling an awful story that Irene baked the chocolate layer cake Mrs. Dusenberry sent let when we saw him making a pig of himself eating it!" added Mrs. Jarr indignantly.

"You insisted he take a third piece of the chocolate layer cake, when he said how good it was," mumbled Mr. Jarr.

"And suppose I did!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "Did I think he was the sheep in wolf's clothing, and all that sort of thing, he proved to be?"

"And him never saying a word he was married!" sighed Miss Cackleberry. "And my hero, Capt. Tynnesfoyle, ill, and Mawr writing me dreadful letters that if I am to waste so much time to come home and let my sister Gladys have a chance in New York! Gladys put her up to say that, the cat!"

"Well, don't cry any more, Irene," said Mrs. Jarr. "I don't see how Mr. Jarr could have made such a mistake as to bring people like that Benton B. Busby, if that's his right name, to this house, to sell us life insurance, when Mr. Jarr has insurance, which I have to pay out of my own money, and what good does it do us?"

"I didn't know he was married," explained Mr. Jarr. "You said to bring some young man to the house while Irene was visiting us. And this insurance agent didn't look like a married man—you noticed yourself

how swell he was dressed, looked like a fellow who could spend all the money he made on himself!"

Mrs. Jarr was going to refute everything Mr. Jarr said in his endeavor to excuse himself, when the telephone rang.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Jarr over the wire. "You, Clara?" It's Clara Mudridge-Smith," she explained to the company. "How are we all? Oh, all well and happy, just having a pleasant little evening at home! A married folks' dancing class? Why, OF COURSE Mr. Jarr and I will join! Yes, Mr. Jarr is crazy to learn the new steps! Come right over and tell us about it!"

And when Miss Cackleberry said she didn't see what good a married couples' dancing class would do her, Mrs. Jarr said, "Don't be silly! There'll be nothing but bachelors there, mostly!"

HELP!

There was a young fellow in Dallas Who never would wear but one gaiter. Since us chaps in the East Have one whole pair at least I'm sure we will bear him no malice!

CALLAHAN

Practical.

WILLIE was being measured for his first made-to-order suit of clothes.

"Do you want the shoulders padded, my little man?" inquired the tailor.

"No," said Willie significantly. "pad the pants!"—People's Home Journal.

Tommy's Courtesy.

TOMMY'S father had been giving him lessons in politeness, but hardly dared hope that the seeds of his teaching had taken root.

One day, hearing noise coming from the nursery, he investigated, and found Tommy pounding his little brother.

"I'm surprised, Tommy," said his father sternly, "that you should hurt your little brother. Don't you know that it is very cowardly to strike one who is smaller than yourself?"

"Yes," replied the culprit meekly, "but when you spanked me yesterday I was too polite to mention it!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

THEN—SHE TURNED AROUND.

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YOU'LL NOT GO TO ANY CATARACT SHOW TO-NIGHT, YOUNG LADY. YOU'LL STAY RIGHT IN YOUR ROOM UNTIL I SEE FIT TO LET YOU OUT.

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